

Steve Harrington imagines by fallingofftheaxis

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Summary:

A collection of Steve Harrington imagines from my tumblrs

1. Seven shades of red (nsfw)

It was basketball day again in gym class, everyone's favorite since the teacher never paid attention to anything but his newspaper on those days.

You and Steve had gotten picked to be on opposing teams which means things got a little competitive between you two.

Your team was up by six points with only a few minutes left in class.

Steve got an idea on how to distract you and try to make a comeback.

Nobody knew you and Steve were dating so they didn't even bat an eye when Steve pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it to the bleachers.

You gulped watching the sweat drip down his chest, trying not to make it too obvious you were staring.

One of your teammates passed you the ball, bringing you back to reality.

You dribbled towards the net but then Steve was swiping the ball from you, intentionally pushing his ass into your crotch and accidentally knocking you down to the ground.

He scored a two-pointer before realizing you had been knocked off your feet.

Jogging back over to you he chuckled to himself, normally he was the one on his knees in your relationship.

"You okay?" He smiled, reaching his hand out and helping you back up.

"Just fine," you replied.

"Hit the showers boys," you heard the teacher yell from across the gym signaling the end of class.

“Looks like we win,” another one of your teammates said triumphately as the rest of the boys walked towards the locker room.

You grabbed Steve’s hand and pulled him to stay behind everyone else.

“Tonight your ass is going to be seven different shades of red after that little stunt you pulled,” you whispered in his ear.

“I look forward to it,” he smirked.

2. I'll take care of you (nsfw)

Sure Steve had had sex before but it had always been with women.

You were his first boyfriend which also meant you were his first time with a guy and he was nervous to say the least.

"I mean I know what's supposed to happen but like... doesn't it hurt?" Steve asked one night when he was in your lap, right in the middle of making out with you on your couch.

"Sex with guys is just like sex with girls, if you don't do it right then it's gonna hurt," you chuckled, "but don't worry Steve, we can wait until you're ready and when you are, I will take care of you."

Steve smiled and nodded and went right back to kissing you, he may not be ready to have sex yet but he sure is ready to make out with you before your parents got home from work.

It was two months later when Steve told you he was ready as you were kissing in his bed when you were supposed to be studying for Friday's chemistry test.

In those two months you had given Steve a few handjobs, even a blowjob but he was never quite ready to reciprocate or go any further.

"Are you sure? I don't mind waiting, really," you asked out of breath from kissing him for the last half an hour.

"I'm ready, I promise," Steve said pulling his shirt over his head.

"Come here," you smiled and Steve climbed on top of you before kissing you again.

Steve hastily tugged your shirt off of you, immediately reconnecting your lips.

Grinding your hips upwards into Steve's he moaned loudly, making you laugh at his response.

Your hands moved from his chest to his back down to his waist and finally to their destination on his belt buckle.

Pulling his belt apart and unbuttoning his jeans you ran your hand over his cock through his boxers.

“Can I touch you Steve?” you mumbled against his lips.

“Please,” he groaned.

You pulled his hard cock out from his boxers, stroking him gently.

Steve moaned again at the feeling of you touching him.

“This always feels so good,” he said low.

After a few minutes you took Steve by surprise when you flipped him onto his back so you were now the one on top of him.

You undid your own jeans, quickly pulling your cock out.

Steve’s eyes went wide at seeing your cock for the first time.

“Woah,” he muttered as you stroked yourself.

“Damn, I don’t have a condom,” you sighed.

“I have some in my dresser,” Steve sputtered.

“Were you planning this Harrington?” you smirked.

“Well you told me that we should use condoms and lube the first few times so I bought some last week,” he said slightly embarrassed.

You kissed him deeply to help calm his nerves, “that’s very thoughtful of you,” you smiled before reaching over to his dresser and finding the condoms and lube inside.

“Take you pants off,” you ordered as you shrugged out of your own.

Steve did as you said and now you were both completely naked.

“Lay back against the pillows, I’m gonna take care of you Steve, just

like I said I would,” you told him.

Steve laid back, watching you open the box of condoms and taking one out.

You took the condom out of its packaging and rolled it onto yourself.

Squirting some lube onto your hand you stroked your cock, applying it on.

With some of the excess lube you rubbed your fingertips against his asshole making him moan.

“It’s gonna sting a little but you’ll adjust, if it hurts too much please tell me and I’ll pull out,” you said and Steve nodded, “you sure you want me to do this?”

“I’m so sure,” Steve said desperately.

You raised his hips, placing them on your thighs and lined your cock up, teasing him with the tip.

Gently pushing your cock inside Steve moaned loudly.

“Fuck,” he grunted.

“You okay? Talk to me Steve,” you said.

“Keep going,” he told you.

Easing in inch by inch you were eventually in him fully.

Rocking your hips you started to thrust into him slowly.

Steve’s arms were above his head, his hands gripping his pillow tight.

“Y/N,” he moaned.

Gripping his hips tightly to keep him in place you built up your rhythm until you were thrusting more roughly.

“Y/N, I’m gonna cum,” he groaned.

“So cum for me,” you said moving one hand to his cock and stroking quickly.

“Shit, shit, shit,” he mumbled over and over again until he spurted out over his stomach.

You didn’t want to overwhelm him so you pulled out gently as soon as he finished cumming.

You were close to cumming yourself so you took the condom off and began stroking your own cock.

“Let me,” he said replacing your hand with his.

Steve moved his hand up and down your cock and soon you were cumming too, right onto his chest.

“I’ll get you a towel,” you said strutting to the bathroom, Steve staring at your ass as you walked.

When you returned you tossed the towel to him and he began dabbing the cum off him.

“So how was it?” you asked.

“Better than I ever could have imagined,” he smiled.

3. After gym class (nsfw)

You along with all your male classmates filed into the showers after playing basketball during gym, each of them leaving one by one until it was just you and Steve left.

Steve had always been attracted to you, he tried his best to keep his eyes to himself during these showers but today he was struggling to fight the dirty thoughts that filled his head.

He kept glancing over at you for just a split second trying to take you all in.

From your hands running through your wet hair to the water dripping down your chest to the nice view he had of your ass and then finally your cock.

Steve was so entranced by you that he didn't even he had gotten hard.

"You okay there Steve?" you chuckled.

"What, oh yeah, just fine," he stammered out forcing his gaze to the wall in front of him.

"You sure? 'Cause it looks like you got a boner from staring at me," you said suddenly behind him, taking Steve by surprise.

"I wasn't- I wasn't staring at you," he said trying to keep his cool.

Your hand slowly began stroking his cock, "it's okay if you were Steve, I stare at you too," you whispered in his ear.

"You do?" he breathed out as you stroked him.

"How could I not, have you seen yourself?" you chuckled nipping at his earlobe.

"Y/N," he moaned.

"Yes Steve?"

“Can you... maybe-”

“Put my mouth on you?” you said and Steve nodded.

You pushed Steve up against the wall and got to your knees, taking his cock into your mouth.

You bobbed your head up and down, Steve’s eyes shut tight.

When he finally opened his eyes again he looked down to see you were jerking yourself off while you sucked him.

“Y/N, please,” he said the most turned on he had ever been.

“Please what Steve?” you grinned getting back to your feet.

“Please fuck me,” he begged.

You happily turned him around, your cock pressing against his ass.

After rubbing your fingers around his asshole to loosen him up you let the tip of your cock push inside.

“You okay?” you asked cautiously.

“More,” he grunted so you pushed further inside.

“You like that?” you breathed into his ear as you inched yourself into him.

“It feels so good,” he groaned.

You started rocking your hips, your thighs meeting the back of Steve’s with every thrust.

When Steve fully adjusted to you, you began thrusting faster and faster.

Steve put his hands out on the wall to keep him from falling over as the water from the shower sprayed over you both.

Thankfully the noise from the shower covered the moans coming from Steve’s mouth as you thrust against him.

"I'm so close," he mumbled.

"Touch yourself," you muttered continuing your movements.

Steve did as told and eventually stroked himself to release, the water washing away any evidence of what happened.

You gently pulled out of Steve, stroking yourself 'till you spurt out onto his back.

"How was that?" you asked Steve as you casually washed off.

"Everything I ever imagined and so much more," he said shyly.

"Then how about I take you out this Friday night and maybe we can do this again," you suggested.

"I'd really like," he smiled.

4. For a while now

“Dustin! Your ride’s here!” you called out to your little brother from the kitchen.

Dustin came hurrying down the stairs in his new suit with his hair sprayed up.

“Woah there, what happened to your hair?” you laughed.

“Steve said this will help me impress the ladies,” he said purring with his new teeth.

“You really gotta stop doing that,” you said still laughing.

“Will you walk him out to the car?” your mother asked you from her chair in the living room.

“Sure thing mom,” you said putting your hand on your brothers shoulder and leading him outside.

You approached Steve’s car and he smiled up at you.

“Thanks for taking him,” you told Steve through the passenger side window.

“No problem, hey Y/N, do you want to come with? We can go catch a movie or something?”

“That sounds great Steve, let me go tell my mom that I’m going out,” you smiled walking away from the car.

“Did you just ask my brother out on a date?” Dustin questioned Steve from the backseat.

“What? No?” Steve scoffed, “Do you... do you think he’d say yes to a date?”

“Teenagers,” Dustin sighed as you approached the car again, getting inside this time.

After you dropped Dustin off at the dance you and Steve drove down to the movie theater.

“What did you want to see?” you asked him.

“They’re playing a bunch of old black and white movies this week, I think Psycho is showing tonight,” Steve responded as you two got of the car.

“Hitchcock, good choice,” you applauded.

“Well I know you like his movies,” Steve chuckled softly.

Steve insisted on paying for everything; the tickets, the popcorn, the drinks.

“Careful there Steve, I might start to think we’re on a date,” you teased him but he couldn’t formulate any words as he tried not to blush.

You sat through the movie, stealing glances at each other when you thought the other wasn’t looking.

After the movie ended there was still time to get ice cream from the parlor down the street before you guys had to pick Dustin up from the dance.

“You paid for the movie, I got this,” you told him, grabbing out your wallet to pay for the ice cream.

You took a seat at a table outside the parlor, enjoying your ice cream.

It was quiet until Steve took a deep breath and finally spoke what had been on his mind all night, “You know Y/N... what you said earlier... I wouldn’t be against tonight being a date... if you wanted it to be one that is.”

“You really mean it?” you said in a bit of surprise.

“Yeah, I’ve kind of liked you for a while now,” he said quietly.

You leaned over the table and chastely kissed him, tasting the ice

cream flavor left on his lips.

“I’ve kind of liked you for a while now too Steve,” you grinned.

5. Being the new guy at the ice cream shop headcanons

- Steve immediately had a crush on you as soon as you were hired
- he tried to play it cool but he was a mess
- “can i buy you an ice cream?”
- “uh Steve we get ice cream for free”
- “oh right”
- he stumbles over his words all the time
- and tries to make his uniform look cooler
- Robbin makes fun of Steve every chance she gets
- “you totally have a crush on the new guy”
- “what no i don’t- shut up”
- she tries to play his wingwoman
- “you know Steve’s single”
- then Dustin joins in
- “you know Steve was the captain of the basketball team in high school”
- “that still doesn’t explain why Steve is friends with so many children”
- “hey I’m a teenager now!”
- you are fully aware that Steve likes you but want to have some fun with him
- and you think it’s cute how awkward he gets around you
- Steve stays late even when his shift is over so he can hang out with

you

- one time he was replacing the bucket of rocky road and hit his head on the glass shield when you said good morning to him
- another time he dropped all the cones he was carrying because you smiled at him
- at the end of the summer he finally got the courage to ask you out
- “so Y/N... Maybe you’d want to see a movie with me tonight?”
- “are you asking me out on a date?”
- “um... Yes”
- “I’ll see you there Harrington”

6. Homework drabble

You had intended on doing your homework you really did but after basketball practice you closed your eyes for a few minutes and your quick nap accidentally lasted until your alarm clock went off the next morning.

You were so screwed, if you didn't turn in this homework you'd lose your A in the class and ruin your GPA and your chance of getting a scholarship.

Running through the halls desperately trying to find one of your friends you spotted Steve at his locker.

"Steve," you said out of breath, "can i copy your homework?"

"We had homework?" He responded clueless.

"Damn it Harrington," you groan, "have you seen Nancy?"

"She's in the library," he said.

"I bet she did the homework unlike you," you tease him before running off.

"No seriously Y/N, what was the homework?" Steve yelled after you.

7. Finals

"God I hate history, why do we even need to know who Napoleon Bonerpod is," Steve said frustrated.

"I think you mean Bonaparte," you chuckled shutting your locker but noticed Steve wasn't his usual chipper self, "everything okay?"

"Mr Howard said if I don't get at least a C on the final I won't pass the class which means I won't be able to graduate," he confessed.

"Hey, you're gonna graduate okay, I'll help you study and you're gonna pass the final," you told him.

"And what if I don't, what if I get held back and you go off to college and meet some hot guy that's way smarter than me," he sighed.

"Steve Harrington you are plenty smart and don't even think otherwise," you said kissing him lightly, "come by tonight and we'll start cramming okay."

That night Steve arrived at your house with Pizza in hand.

"Really Steve?" You laughed.

"What? I need brain food," he replied.

You shared the pizza and cracked open the history textbook.

"Alright let's start easy, what years did World War 2 take place?" You asked.

"Uhh," Steve said blankly.

"Okay let's go even easier, when was the war of 1812?"

Once again Steve had a confused look on his.

"Steve come on you have to take this seriously!" you scolded.

"I thought you were trying to trick me!" he shot back.

"Who did we fight in the American revolutionary war?"

"Oh I know this one! The British!" He said happily.

"And what happened at the end of the war?"

"Uhh... we gained independence?" He said nervously.

"Yes!" You cheered kissing him, "and what significant event did the Boston Tea Party cause?"

"Were they the ones who threw the tea off the boats?" He asked.

"Now we're getting somewhere, see you're smarter than you think you are Harrington," you smiled.

"Now I just have to memorize the rest of this big ass book," he sighed holding up the heavy textbook.

"We've got time okay babe, finals aren't for another week," you said putting your hand on his thigh.

"Can't we just make out?" He pouted.

"We can make out after we study," you grinned giving him another quick peck before diving back into the book.

It was a week later when you were cleaning out your locker for the last day of school.

All of your finals were done but Steve was nowhere to be found which left you feeling uneasy.

Suddenly strong arms were wrapping around you and spinning you around.

When Steve put you down you turned around to find Steve smiling wide.

"I did it!" He said vaguely.

"Did what? What did you do?"

"I got a C + ,” he said enthusiastically, “I’m graduating!"

"Oh my God I knew you could do it,” you said putting your hands on his neck and pulling him down to kiss you.

He pushed you up against the lockers, deepening the kiss.

“Let’s get out of here and celebrate,” he mumbled against your lips.